CANINE CHUMS FOR CHILDREN

DOGS USEFUL BOTH AS NURSES AND AS PLAYMATES.

The Most Companionable Breeds—Big Dogs Better for Babies Than the Pet Dogs—All the Terriers Splendid Chums—Good Traits of Canine Guardians.

Dogs are excellent playmates and companions for children, as all the world knows. To the boys and girls a mut, as the fancier terms a mongrel, is usually as welcome [illegible]. Yet when opportunity offers children make good caretakers of thoroughbred dogs, and to encourage a liking among them for animals of pedigree or at least distinctive type is one of the objects of the kennel owners.

At the country shows recently a feature has been made of variety classes, that is for dogs of any breed, to be owned and exhibited in the ring by children. Dogs are often entered by children at the big city shows, and their attendants lead them in the ring, but there are so many in the classes and the judging is so fast and businesslike that the youngsters are [illegible].

The children of a famous exhibitor of big dogs formed an exception to this rule at the last Westminster show. A friend had brought them a couple of greyhound puppies from England and the children, with the consent of their father, entered their pets in the proper class.

Two of the children led the dogs with pride about the ring before the judges and their brothers and sisters, reinforced by half a dozen of their friends, had places on the rails. The vigorous hand clapping and the shrill cheers following the placing of minor ribbons on the collars of the two greyhounds were a juvenile manifestation of delight heard above all the barks and bustle of the show.

But the children are faithful to their dogs at the city shows although they may not enter the ring. The benches on which the dogs are placed in their wire kennels are the resort of the young owners.

Alike to bulldog and terrier, huge St. Bernard and frisky Pomeranian, the coming of the juvenile owner in from school is the signal for a joyous greeting. When the children have to take leave of their canine chums they often leave behind them a glove, handkerchief or some such article to break the pangs of parting. A puppy, of course, will promptly tear the personal property into tatters, but an older dog will guard it carefully, and such a possession is said to keep a dog from fretting.

It is in the open or about the household that children have most to do with dogs, for the bench shows are only [illegible] happenings. Puppies and young children always get along finely together with the toils of the association altogether on the dog. In the country a St. Bernard or terrier pup is often given to the children, with the knowledge that as it grows the dog will become a most trustworthy guardian, at home and afield, and in the country such a guardian is worth having.

Such a dog is often told by the mother or nurse to mind the baby. To an old and self-respecting dog this is not a congenial task always, but it never rebels.

The child uses it usually as a doormat or a punching bag, mingling its thuds with endearing and joyous talk. This sort of thing makes the old dog weary, but it sticks to the job.

An old dog behaves to a child much as it does to a puppy. A toddler unwatched will fall joyfully against the toughest looking of strange dogs, sure of kind treatment or of toleration at least. A puppy receives the same consideration, although when teased too much the big dog may curb the forward youngster by an admonitory growl, just as a grownup might correct a too familiar child.

It is well established that dogs reciprocate the affection shown to them by all children. There seems to be a subtle understanding or affinity between children and dogs that makes them true friends and comrades whatever may happen. This companionship is quite different from the relations of dogs and adults.

With adults the strongest allegiance is given to the master or mistress and less loyalty is given to the subordinates of the farm, household or kennels. But there is nothing individual in a dog's regard for children; they keep a warm spot in their hearts for all and the children know it.

Dogs that hunt by sight usually make better playmates for a child than those that follow a scent, for they are quicker and more adaptable, while the latter are self-contained and stolid in play. Bloodhounds make a fine play dog, for the belief that they are ferocious in disposition is wholly erroneous. The elongated dachshund is most companionable.

Beagles and foxhounds are good dogs for children. The fighting abilities of the foxhound are not generally known. While by education the gentlest of dogs they will when aroused in the chase, or in defence of a child, whip their weight in wildcats.

Their quick sight and speed make deerhounds, greyhounds and Russian wolfhounds entertaining dogs for children in the country, for as with all big dogs the town palls on them and they need room. When put into harness these fleet dogs draw a small wagon at a rousing pace.

Pointers, setters and field spaniels are companionable and when trained are very trustworthy guardians. This is also true of the Dalmatians, better known as spotted coach dogs, which originally were pointers in Spain. They are now used only as stable or house guardians.

The working coach dog that would stay under a vehicle at the heels of the horses is practically unknown. A class for working coach dogs recently at a Long Island show had but three entries.

All the terriers are splendid chums. The white Scottish are a new fashion and are running a race in popularity with the older types.

Both Skye and Yorkshire terriers, although seen at shows clad in excessively long coats, are game and lively dogs for children, when kept as workers and not trimmed up for the bench. Bull terriers are of a jealous disposition, and unless this is overcome they may make trouble for the children by mixing up with other dogs that come along.

Bulldogs, when not too bulky and phlegmatic, get along nicely with children. Boston terriers and French bulldogs possess the sprightly, cheery ways missing in their big cousins and they are admirable friends for the youngsters.

Poms, toy terriers, toy spaniels and indeed all the pet dogs except pugs are well worth owning by large children; but for small children the small dogs are mostly too short tempered to be safe as companions. Expressed in another way, they are too fragile or tender to withstand without reprisal the maulings of the juveniles.

All dogs understand baby talk, but those of foreign birth have to learn English before they are the best of chums with larger children. At the sheepdog trials in Wales the shepherds give their orders in Welsh, but on the borders of the Highlands the collies understand both Gaelic and English.

Very recently a country family received as a gift a Great Dane straight from Germany. Despite its strong bulk, compact head, glistening teeth, cropped ears and a suggestion of a panther in the lithe movements, the Great Dane welcomed the pettings of the children and accompanied them on their walks, but they had to guide it by tugs on the leash or by signs.

The only person in the household who could order the dog about at first was the German maid, but in a few days the children learned from her the German equivalents of the commands and they could then direct it by voice. Within a month the dog understood orders in English and would come at call and obey other orders.

The Newfoundland was formerly the favorite big dog as household or farm guardian, but it is not seen often now in this country, although in England, where the breed has been kept up by scientific breeding, it is still met with frequently, and at the shows the classes are crowded.

These dogs are believed in England to be a development from a common black dog, whether short coated, curly or shaggy. Dogs from the whaling ships were the originals of the breed in Newfoundland, but the type has been distinct since about 1830. Wherever found in these days, no matter whether the pedigrees may be traced or not, the Newfoundlands and children form always a partnership that makes for good. Byron's Boatswain was a Newfoundland, and there is a monument to it at Newstead Abbey.

CHUMMY WITH A BLOODHOUND.

A PAIR OF DALMATIANS.

THROUGH COLLEGE ON WAFERS

TWO GIRLS FIND AN INCOME IN A SOUTHERN DELICACY.

The Problem of an Education Solved for Them by Discovering Just What Was Needed Most for Teas and Luncheons in New York—[illegible].

"We are paying our way through college by making and selling rolled wafers," explained the larger of two young women who were busy getting to rights a small apartment on the upper West Side when visited by the reporter. "This is the third year that we have depended on rolled wafers and we are about as sure of success as a business man who has an established trade and orders ahead covering six months.

"Both my friend and I have to earn all the money we spend. When we first came to New York to go to college we had only enough to pay our expenses for that one year. Our plan was to take a year at a time, working between whiles until we finished the course.

"During that spring we were invited out to a luncheon. The hostess was a woman I had met several years before in the South. At the luncheon she mentioned the rolled wafers she had eaten on my mother's table and said what a nice addition they would make to a luncheon if one could only get them in New York.

"After we returned home that evening my friend asked me if I knew how to make rolled wafers. Of course I did. Every girl brought up in the South by a mother who takes pride in her housekeeping picks up such knowledge as making rolled wafers and beaten biscuit without being taught.

"My friend suggested that I send home for a wafer iron and that we try making them for sale. As our hostess had expressed her willingness to pay any price for them I thought we might as well make the venture.

"When the wafer irons came we made three dozen wafers and sent them to that woman. I wrote her a note saying they were made by a friend of mine, and as she had expressed a desire to have some I had suggested sending them. The price was stated on the box so there could be no mistake.

"The messenger returned with a most enthusiastic note of thanks, and besides sending a check for those delivered she added the price of ten dozen more. She very frankly stated that she did this to make my friend feel herself under obligations to fill her order.

"We were glad enough to assume the obligation, you may be sure. When we delivered those wafers I decided to make a clean breast of the matter and let her into our secret.

"I have always fancied that she guessed it from the very first, though she had too much tact to say so. My telling her the truth was, I am sure, the best move I could have made. She not only gave us orders for wafers to be used at all her receptions, but exerted herself to get her friends to order also.

"We made enough that spring to buy our summer clothes, and what was much more to the point, we booked orders enough for the next autumn and winter to convince us that we would be warranted in coming back to college with no other means of paying our expenses. My friend advised us to do it. She said she was sure we could make enough to pay expenses, if not more.

"Do you know that that has proved a great danger to us both? We can get so many orders and always see where we can use the money to advantage that it has been hard for us to refuse orders and confine ourselves to enough to occupy us during our spare moments. We made up our minds from the first never to neglect our studies for the sake of making a few dollars—to make our expenses, but not a dollar more.

"As you see, our apartment has three rooms and a kitchenette. We were told that it was the cheapest way to live in New York and have found it so.

"Of course we do our own work, that is except laundry work. Now that we have all the orders for wafers that we can fill we have found that it takes less time to make wafers enough to pay for our washing than to do it ourselves.

"Our kitchenette is all that is necessary for light housekeeping. Rolled wafers? Oh rolled wafers are only sponge cake batter baked in wafer irons—the lightest of light housekeeping.

"That is our one and only trouble, getting good wafer irons. I have never been able to find them here in New York, so both of us made it a business to hunt them that first summer when we returned home. We bought them of women who had several pairs or who had given up using them. We now have six pairs, but only three can be called satisfactory.

"Both wafer and waffle irons are improved by use. All the little roughnesses are worn off or disappear and then they are perfection.

"One person can easily handle three wafer irons. It is seldom that we both cook at the same time. Yes, perhaps we might if all six of our irons were as good as we would like.

"We do use the three imperfect pairs, but mostly for making corn wafers for our own use. For corn meal a rough iron is not so objectionable, as the batter does not stick as easily as cake batter. Sometimes we make plain wheat wafers to order, but not often. It is only when our customers wish a change from the rolled wafers.

"As our first order for this season is to be delivered before 5 o'clock to-morrow, you see we haven't returned to town any too soon. That is the way the order was given, for the afternoon after our arrival as early in September as we could return.

"We have an order from that man—he is an old bachelor—for every afternoon that we are in town. Three dozen rolled wafers, and I have heard that he eats two dozen himself.

"As it only takes seven dozen a day to keep us going comfortably, you see we don't have to have many, besides that one order to reach our limit. All goods are paid for on delivery, so we have no trouble about collecting.

"The two children of our laundress deliver for us and return with the money for each order. I can't see why it would not be a good business for some one or more women here in New York.

"Everybody, so far as I know, would like to have rolled wafers for teas or luncheons. There is nothing more dainty, and I have yet to see the person who is not fond of them. Our trouble at home was to get enough.

"It is the same way here. Ladies from whom we get our orders complain that they never have enough. One woman for whom we make ten dozen a day on the days which she is at home to her friends complains that she never has enough to last the whole afternoon, that it has become a standing joke among her friends that those who want to get wafers must come early.

"Even her husband has fallen into the habit of leaving his business earlier in the hope of being in time to get a few wafers. With such complaints as these always coming in I see no reason why an enterprising woman shouldn't make a snug little sum by supplying fashionable teas with rolled wafers."

No Place for Alligators!

From Fur News.

An English tourist in the West Indies had been warned against bathing in a river because of alligators, so he went in swimming at the river mouth, where his guide assured him there would be none.

"How do you know there are no alligators here?" he asked when he had waded out neck deep.

"You see, sah," said the guide, "dey's too many sharks here. De alligators is skeered out. Dis ain't no place for dem, sah."

BINDING DOWN CAPE COD

A BATTLE TWO CENTURIES LONG WITH SAND DUNES.

Beach Grass the Means Finally Found Effective in Protecting Roads, Farms, Houses and Villages From the Shifting Sand—The Cape Now Tolerably Secure.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Sept. 27.—They have found another means to hold down the end of Cape Cod besides building the new Pilgrims' Monument, the cornerstone of which the President helped to lay. The need of such a device arises from the drifting of the sands which compose the extremity of the peninsula. In this shifting of the dunes everything is swamped. Farms are buried, houses covered over, forests and roads inundated and the waters from the very rivers and harbors sucked up.

Cape Cod for fully 200 years has been fighting the sand. Most of the time the sand has had the best of it. The municipal authorities have called in the State and the State has called in the national Government, and after all their efforts and experiments they have found that the simplest defence against this sand is the one that nature has made the most abundant—just plain beach grass.

This, by the way, is not a recent discovery, for back in the last century the town crier used every spring to add to his other admonitions about letting the cows run loose, cutting forest trees and paying the taxes this important warning: "And now all ye who hear are admonished by the authorities that it is the time to plant beach grass, and all those good citizens, therefore, who respect the law and fear for the penalty of its neglect will forthwith proceed to the planting of said grass."

Even in those early days the value of beach grass was appreciated, but the various efforts to have it planted do not seem to have been effective until a few years ago, when the State of Massachusetts itself took over the sand dune desert that lies back of Provincetown and began a systematic process of reclamation. A representative of the Department of Agriculture in Washington who has made a study of grass binding in European countries has inspected the work done and placed his stamp of approval upon it. Where formerly Cape Cod was held up as a horrible example of building on sand after the land had been denuded of trees it is now referred to as the "best example that this country affords of the extensive utilization of beach grass for the binding of shifting sand, which would otherwise cause great damage by its encroachment on valuable property." Cape Cod may yet see farms and forests where now are only sand dunes.

The dunes extend over an area of some six thousand acres and have long been a menace to farms and roads. At times, when high winds have prevailed, they have threatened the destruction of villages and homes. Provincetown itself would be brought, according to Government report, "into immediate peril should any destructive force be brought to bear upon the adjacent dune area or in case of the encroachment of the shifting dunes further back but in line with the winter winds."

The harbor, which has sheltered in time of storm as many as a thousand vessels, is even more in danger, for it is surrounded on three sides by sand accumulations that have washed around the head of the Cape. It was this menace to coastwise shipping and the fishing industry more than anything else that caused the national Government to act in the premises.

East harbor was made worthless by the encroachment of sand and is now only a fresh water marsh, while parts of the main harbor have within the last fifty years been filled in four or five hundred feet. At places where houses now stand there was not many years ago anchorage for good sized boats.

The sand dune area extends from the tip of the cape to Truro, and it was, before systematic grass culture began, as dreary and cheerless as any desert in the world. Even Cape Codders avoided it. It was almost devoid of animal life.

The hills and ridges were seared and furrowed by the winds. At places the ragged tops of trees projected, showing where some forest had been buried forty or fifty years before, while at other places in the depressions between ridges were evidences of fresh water ponds that had been gradually absorbed by the thirsty, insatiable dunes.

The sand drifted constantly with the winds. It covered up paths and roads. The single railroad track that extends along the edge of the dune area has had a continuous struggle to keep an open way for trains.

Clouds of sand denser than the snows of the Rockies, and that sting and bite sharper than winter sleet, have been the peril against which trainmen fought. When this fine sand is mixed with frozen mist and snow and packed along the rails the line is impassable until crews with picks and shovels dig out the way. It is no wonder that trains on the Cape in winter are often late and are run with little regard to schedule.

When the sand is driven by the violent northeasters of winter window panes are soon so etched and worn that they appear like frosted glass. It is said that it is often necessary to put in new window panes every two or three weeks if the windows are to be of practical service.

Once valuable farms along Stout's Creek near Truro have been covered with sand and to-day there is no trace of even the creek. Several years ago it is said that a colony of artists settled among the dunes between Provincetown and Truro. After painting the summer season through they closed up their bungalows and went back to their town homes.

When they returned the next year there was not a vestige remaining of their houses, and where these had stood was only a great waste of sand. While digging in the sand preparatory to building anew they struck the roofs of their former habitations.

Discouraged they sought out new locations for their summer homes, but the next season on their return they found that the sand tide had turned and their dwellings of two seasons before were now perched high on a hill.

With a remedy at hand furnished by nature herself it may seem strange that it was not more effectually applied earlier in the history of the Cape. The fact is it was applied, but lack of system and concentration prevented any great success. Besides there was laxity in the enforcement of the laws. While the town was paying for beach grass, according to one authority, some of the citizens were increasing the size of their property by dumping sand into the harbor, and though a law prohibiting the removal of sod and timber had been passed it was only feebly enforced.

When the State of Massachusetts took hold of the work the sand dune area was designated as Provincelands. By means of public ownership the authorities were enabled to exercise a more effective surveillance than would have been possible were the areas under private ownership.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington had in the meantime been conducting a series of investigations regarding sand grass in the hope of reclaiming not only the Cape Cod lands but also other vast areas along the southern coasts and in California and Washington. Representatives were sent to foreign countries to learn what had been accomplished.

They discovered that it was possible to transplant grasses so that the most stubborn and lawless beaches could be held in control. France, as an example, after a constant struggle of more than a century had transformed the desolate plains of Gascony into forest lands and fertile fields, while by the same means Holland had rendered its country secure against the encroachments of the North Sea.

While there are several grasses that may be used for sand binding and that are at present employed by the Government in other territories, it was deemed best to continue the use of beach grass because on the Cape it occurs very abundantly near the areas where it is required. The stout, coarse stems spring from long creeping roots and rise in tufts two to four feet high.

As the sand drifts in and around the plants new branches are formed, and in this manner as the sand piles higher and higher the tufts of grass rise above it. The roots sometimes reach a length of twenty or thirty feet, and spreading in all directions through a drift join with other plants and become a densely woven, matlike mass that nothing but a pick and shovel can loosen.

This grass is of a sea green color and the head is something like rye. As it is blown about by the winds while held tight by its roots it describes myriads of circles as accurate as if made by a compass.

Its strong roots have been put to many different purposes. Ropes are made of them, mats are woven of them and the stems are used for thatch. Paper has also been made of the grass.

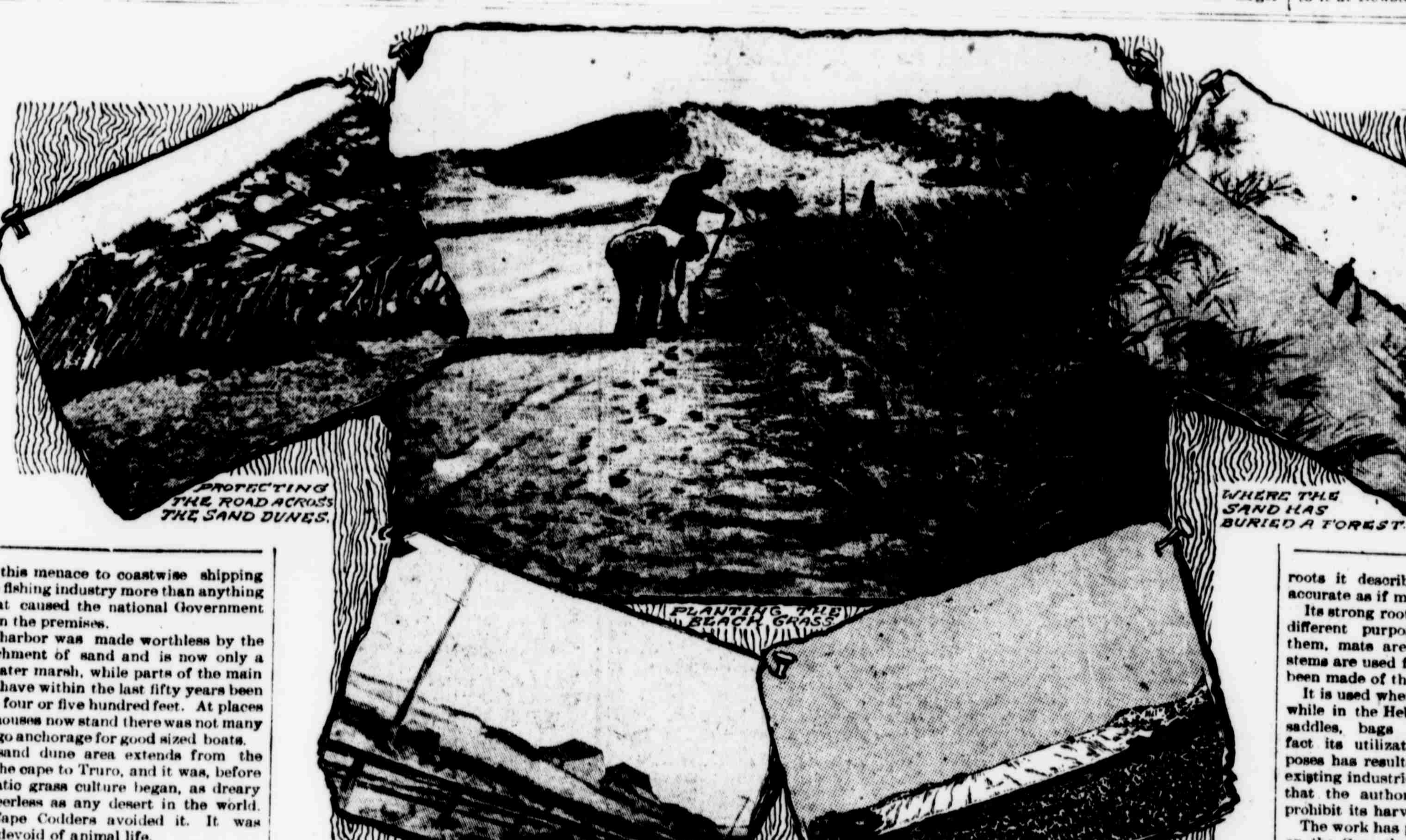
It is used when young as food for cattle, while in the Hebrides it is used for pack saddles, bags and packing cases. In fact its utilization for commercial purposes has resulted in such disturbance of existing industries in some parts of Europe that the authorities were compelled to prohibit its harvesting.

The work has progressed so successfully on the Cape that a State road which was built across this area is in good condition and promises to be fairly permanent. This is considered quite a victory in view of the fact that previously a road was no sooner laid out in summer than it was destroyed in winter. The road extends from Provincetown to the Peaked Hill life saving station and provides an easy means of access into the heart of the sand dune territory.

The roadbed was first graded, then covered with a layer of brush, after which it received a covering of turf sod obtained from the adjacent woods. Its line was across the district where the shifting sands had been brought under control. The sides of the cut are still protected by lines of logs and brush.

In spite of the progress made the work that has been done is only the beginning. Its chief virtue is the assurance it gives of the value of the plan adopted and the future security that is promised by its systematic working out, for the Cape is not yet beyond that condition set forth by Thoreau:

"Cape Cod is anchored to the heavens, as it were, by myriads of little cables of beach grass, and if they should fail would become a total wreck and ere long go to the bottom."



Tiger Afraid of a Bird.

From Fur News.

India's tiger bird, so called because he is the one thing the royal beast fears, is no larger than a sparrow.